THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LV.

As it is highly probable that a majority of my lounging readers are too idle to dispatch Memory, in order to recal an article that *they* may say has been six weeks on its way to oblivion, I must remind them, that in my forty-ninth speculation, I published a very shrewd epistle from some keen observer, who signed himself PLAINSENSE. His letter, which was perhaps too libellous on literary ladies, has provoked the indignation of some woman, who combines sense and spirit; and, as the junior Randolph should say, *vindicates* the rights of her sex to the free navigation of the ocean of Ink. The writer affects to be a man, but the *petticoat* peeps out from the disguise of the *cloak*.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

"Tread upon a snail, and it will turn," is a very old adage, and one which, in a life of now near forty years, has never failed to recur to me, as often as I have been disposed to shew any thing like resentment towards a fellow creature. And, indeed, it came with peculiar force when I finished reading your friend Timothy's communication. And now, said I, most justly may every woman withdraw from the Lounger; were I one, I would blot from its detested page every thing I had ever written.

This was a kind of involuntary exclamation; and, notwithstanding my resentment was a little roused, I am a very good friend of yours, and as I belong to that class of grave characters, denominated "old bachelors," and have really a regard for you, I think I am privileged to give you some plain words, even though they should possess little sense, and, without farther apology, let me ask you how you could for a moment so far lose sight of your own interest, and of the duty you owe to your female correspondents, as to publish that letter from Mr. Plainsense?

In a periodical paper, like the Lounger, you must so much depend on women for support, both in the reading and writing way, that I am surprised you should there introduce such a satire on the exertions they have made for your benefit. You are attached to indolence professedly, and I will venture to say, you have never, when lounging in a bed-chamber or a ball-room, in your study or the street, in the park or the parlour, either composed or transcribed any of the papers which have appeared in the Lounger. Then from what sources have they been derived? Not from any of the town bucks, (save those that have so *manfully* derided female fashions, to divert attention from the absurdity of their own costume), for these are neither blest with ready wit nor pen. It is evident that philosophers, politicians, or divines have not assisted you much. You must, therefore, acknowledge, that the Ladies have been, and are, the most liberal contributors to your work. Their sprightliness has animated many of its pages, and their imaginations drawn many agreeable pictures of "folly as it flies" in this degenerate age. It has for a long time been my opinion, without wishing to degrade your talents, or bestow on them unjust praise, that, if female wit and spirit did not sometimes breathe through those pages, the American Lounger would be unworthy the front rank in the Port Folio.

Do not, I beseech you, be offended, but write to Mr. Plainsense—tell him that you and I, and the whole world are struck with the absurdity of the character he has attempted to delineate—Tell him there is nothing natural in the outlines—Assure him and the public there is no such lady on the list of your correspondents—That all your contributors are women of learning, of genuine wit, and above all of too much wisdom to suffer a propensity to scribbling to lead to a negligence of domestic duty, or in any solitary instance to make them behave like fools or pedants. Think, my friend, for a moment on the extravagance of the picture he has drawn, and then tell me if you think it possible that any woman, who can write well enough to appear in your paper, would necessarily sacrifice reflection and good sense by such an occupation? No, I am sure you do not. The same unerring reason, which guides them on a sheet of paper, will preserve their decorum in every situation in which it can be called forth. No matter whether it be to arrange the economy of a dinner table; to keep a family in order; to mend the garments of romping children; or to endure the senseless chit-chat of an ignorant husband,

Whose sense, indeed, 'tis very plain,
Is of the plainest kind, sir;
And such, in surly husbands' brain,
A woman's sure to find, sir.

Why, Mr. Saunter, do you suffer such continual libels on the fair? Are you a man of gallantry, your feelings must be roused in their cause? Are you a man of humanity, your nature must revolt at such repeated attacks on the only defenceless part of God's creation? Are you a man of learning, you should pride yourself upon having opened a field for the display of talents and acquirements, which, but for you, might have remained forever in the bosom of obscurity? Are you an American, you should rejoice at having given an opportunity of literary exertion to the American women, and, with a feeling of national pride, should boldly reject every thing that could in any way repress their ambition, or be likely to "choke the good seed"?

Reflect on the task you have nearly incurred. Will Plainsense write for you every week, or if he did, would the public long be interested in his quarrels with his wife? Let the women once withdraw their aid, and you will have to put your own shoulder to the wheel; and, if reduced to this necessity, I venture to prophecy a life of incessant labour is so inconsistent with your fondness for ease, that the American Lounger will be no more.

Take my advice then, I intreat you, come out in an humble address to the Ladies—Apologize for your over-sight; convince them you are not an enemy to their sex; solicit their future patronage; confess the transgressions you have made; and, trust me, as all good women are good Christians, you will find, at their awful tribunal, that "there is more joy over one sinner who truly repenteth, than over ninety-nine righteous persons" who have never offended.

I am, your friend, M. G.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY A SOCIETY OF LATIN WRITERS.

Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, Quintus Curtius, Aurelius Victor, Aulus Gellius, &c.

MURDER OF LOUIS XVI. &c.

He is drawn, under sentence of death to his execution. Wherever you could cast your eyes, wherever a word was heard, all was flight and solitude. The streets and public places were all deserted. Some few indeed at length, returned, and showed themselves again, shivering with terror even at the reflection that they had shewn themselves afraid.

After some time the senate received an address, expressing to them thanks, for having inflicted punishment on an enemy of the republic. Tacit. Annal. lib. 4. art. 70.

His death, spread mourning and consternation, through the provinces, and all the neighbouring nations. Kings and foreign people, wept over this prince, such was his friendly intercourse with his allies, and such his humanity to his enemies; so venerable was his appearance, and so engaging his manners and language. In the grandeur and importance of his highest fortune, he had always avoided arrogance and envy.—Tacit. Annal. lib. 2. art. 72.

But in the capital, thanksgivings were decreed in the temples, which we commemorate, to the end, that, whoever, shall learn the history of those times from us, or from other authors, may be informed, that as often as banishment or assassination, were ordered by the tyrant of the day, thanks were rendered to the gods. Those ceremonies which were formerly, the signs of public prosperity, were now made the solemn signals, of the public calamity. Tacit. Annal. lib. 14. art. 64.

They compelled the people to take an oath, that they would never suffer a restoration of the royalty: and they ordain the banishment, of all the princes of the blood royal. Tit. Liv. lib. 2. art. 2.

The death of the prince was followed, by a suspension of hostilities, rather than by a commencement of peace. The conquerors in arms, ran about the city, and pursued the vanquished, with implacable fury. The streets, the public squares, the temples, were nothing but scenes of blood and carnage. Wherever a victim appeared he was instantly butchered. Very soon, the licence increasing, they proceed to search the

houses; they tear away those who were concealed in them; if they see a young man, of a remarkably advantageous figure, whether he is a citizen or a soldier, they dispatch him. This cruelty, which in the first heat of resentments, was satiated with blood, soon assumed the character of Avarice; nothing could be hidden or shut up, because the tyrants pretended that the friends of royalty were there concealed. This was the origin of the domiciliary visits, by open force, and if the least resistance was made, instant death was the consequence. The most miserable wretches from the dregs of the people, never failed to run upon these expeditions. Domestick servants were found infamous enough to denouce their master for their wealth. Some were even pointed out by their own friends. Lamentations and cries of despair, were every where heard, and all the horrors of a city taken by assault, were every where seen. The leading demagogues, who had been so active in brandishing the torch of civil war, were not now the masters to moderate their victory: because in all troubles and dissentions, the most wicked are the most mighty: whereas peace and order require virtues and accomplishments. Tacit. Hist. lib. 4. art. 1.

Nor was their rage directed against those, who had appeared in arms in the opposite party, but against multitudes of persons, against whom they had nothing to reproach. They then decreed that the property of the proscribed should be sold: that their children should be excluded from their paternal inheritance, and declared incapable, of any public offices or honours; at the same time, which is most cruel, that the sons of Senators, who had to sustain the burthen of their order, should be deprived of its rights. Vell. Paterc. lib. 2. cap. 28.

Hence arose a scarcity of money; creditors hastened, all at once, to withdraw their funds, not calculating that so many condemnations and numerous confiscations, had brought into the treasury, both of the Prince and the Roman people, a quantity of specie which never went again into circulation. Annal. lib. 6. art. 17.

All things were rushing to ruin in the republic—Nevertheless, no man had yet been found, daring enough to give away the property of any citizen, or base enough to require it. But even this depravity arrived in its turn, and avarice engendered barbarity. A kind of guilt was created by wealth: and every rich man became criminal in proportion to his substance. The victim became the reward of his executioner; and nothing appeared to be dishonourable, that was gainful. Vell. Paterc. lib. 2. cap. 22.

The provinces resounded with preparations of ships, soldiers and arms: but nothing was so voracious, as the inquisition after fortunes. Mucion (Barrere), frequently declared that money was the nerve of civil war, and in the investigation of any subject, the question was not, whether a man had truth and justice on his side, but simply how much money he possessed. Denunciations were made on every side, and every rich man was seized as a prey. Tacit. Histor. lib. 2. art. 84.

The multitude of those unfortunate persons increased daily. There was not a family but was ruined by the perverse interpretations of informers. The oppression was now universal from the laws, as it had been before by crimes.

Neither the war of Italy, nor the civil war, caused any interruption: but the laws were continually multiplied and varied. Laws were not made only for the citizens in general, but for individuals, and in the corruptest condition of the republic, the greatest number of laws were made. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 27.

1793. THE WAR OF LA VENDEE.

There was scarcely any city, without the seeds of this insurrection. But the first who broke out, were the inhabitants of Anjou and Touraine. Tacit. Annal. lib. 3. art. 41.

The cause of these disturbances, besides the general character of that people, their refusal to submit to the oppression of the recruiting service, and to give to our armies, the most vigorous of their youth. They were not accustomed, they said, to obedience even to their kings, but from their own caprice, or if at any time they sent auxiliaries, they were always under their own officers, nor did they ever make war, at a distance from their own country. From this time the report was spread, that they were to be dispersed, incorporated with foreign troops, and transported to different and distant countries. But, before they took arms, they sent ambassadors, to remind the government of their alliance, and the terms of their submission, that these would be respected if no new imposition was attempted to be put upon them: but if the servitude of conquered people, was intended for them, they had swords and hardy, young men animated for liberty or death. At the same time they pointed to their castles built upon steep rocks, they shewed their parents and their wives collected, and they menaced an arduous, a difficult and a bloody war. Tacit. Annal. lib. 4. art. 46.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[In the Charleston Courier, of the 18th of March, there are some very sensible strictures upon the attempt, which was made during the late session of our state legislature, to naturalize aliens, after a residence of two years, and without requiring of them an oath to support the constitution of the United States. If the importance of this subject be impressed on your mind, as strongly as it is on mine, you will not hesitate to republish, in the Port Folio, those judicious animadversions, and lest you should not be possessed of the paper, which contains them, I take the liberty to enclose it.

Respectfully yours. B.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

The motion which has been made and carried in the House of Representatives of the state of Pennsylvania, for naturalizing foreigners on a residence of only two years, *without any oath of allegiance*, is one of the most indefensible measures which have taken place since the day of innovation first dawned on this country in the admission of our present rulers to office. It is indeed a measure the dangers of which must strike every considerate, true hearted American with regret, and ought to be felt to the most minute branch of the nerves of the union. First, as it is an open usurpation, in that state, of the rights of congress, and so far a direct violation of the constistution: And next, because it is an ample confirmation of the suspicion long entertained by the men of America most eminent for wisdom and probity, that it is the design of the democratic faction to keep their power permanent by means of emigrants; to outvote with aliens, without any distinction of qualification among themselves, or of test with respect to the country, the old established Americans; and if need be to coerce them and perhaps in the end to vest with dangerous power their idol through the instrumentality of those *here-to-day and gone-to-morrow* citizens of the world. Indeed it looks as if that state was determined to throw the gauntlet in the face of the union, and challenge it to an assertion of its congressional rights. But is this so very censurable in the agents of the democratic faction as it is in the people who suffer it, and the magistrates who neglect to suppress it. It is natural for robbers, when they break into a house, to close the doors against any interference that can prevent their pillage and spoliation....but the owners of the house must be either stupid, or mad, or abjectly timid, if they do not repel them.

Consistency is always looked upon as a *sine quanon* requisite in a statesman who has the power to influence and affect by his conduct the most important concerns of an empire, because it is a symptom of many virtues; of deliberate judgment, of veracity and sincerity, and of fixed principle, without which every thing is left to the sport of capricious fancy or chance. Of the many enormous instances of inconsistency in which our president of this day has been betrayed by his wayward imaginations, there is none more prominent than his opinions and expressions upon the subject now in question. Americans! read what this gentleman's opinions were, when, "*far from the mad'ned crowd's ignoble strife*," he reposed in philosophical retirement at Monticello,

"The present desire of America is to produce rapid population by as great *importation of foreigners* as possible. But is this founded in good policy? Are there no inconveniences to be thrown into the scale against the advantages expected from the multiplication of foreigners? It is for the happiness of those united in society to harmonise as much as possible in matters which they must of necessity transact together. Civil government being the sole object of forming societies, its administration must be conducted by common consent. Every species of government has its specific principles: ours perhaps are more peculiar than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the freest principles of the English constitution, with others derived from natural rights and reason; to these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants: they will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth, or if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing as is usual from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. Their principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers they will share with us in the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render, it a heterogeneous incoherent, distracted mass. I may appeal to experience during the present contest for a verification of these conjectures: but if they be not certain in event, are they not possible? Is it not safer to wait with patience for any degree of population derived or expected? May not our government be more homogeneous, more peaceable, more durable? Suppose twenty millions of Republican Americans thrown all of a sudden into France, what would be the condition! of that kingdom?....If it would be more turbulent, less happy, less strong, we may believe that the addition of half a million of foreigners to our present number would produce a similar effect here." [See Jefferson's notes on Virginia.] These were the sentiments of Mr. Jefferson during the monarchy of France, viz. in 1781. If they were just and applicable to the circumstances of the country then, what has occurred to change the nature of the proposition, or to make it less applicable to the present period? Is it the French revolution? Are the foreigners to be imported less subject to unbounded licentiousness now than they were then? Are they more disposed to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty? Are the principles of the government they would leave behind them now, less noxious than they were at that day? Have they imbibed any thing within the last ten or twelve years that would render them as sharers in our legislature, or as citizens, more homogeneous or more peaceable? Or is it because they have completely and incurable imbibed the spirit of revolution, insurrection, disorganization, infidelity

and disregard of religion, that this spirit will be more fit to be infused into our legislature, and less apt to warp and bias its direction, less qualified to render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass? Or is it because in spite of the president's avowed approbation of Godwin and Paine, there still remains too much religion, too much of cool, deliberate judgement among native Americans for the purpose of pure democracy, that the spirit of liberty flaming hot from the still of revolution, has been brought down too low, is too much diluted with the common sense, morality and moderation of Americans, that our wise and worthy democrats are desirous to import a quantity of the *high wines* of Europe from the infernal alembic of France; and to make America as Europe has been, one endless scene of strife and struggle, of confusion,carnage, spoliation and rapacity; to silence the expostulations of wisdom with the sound of a tocsin, and overcome the efforts of virtuous, intelligent, and sober patriotism, with the arm of physical force, with the clubs, the daggers, or the knives of a sanguinary, illiterate and furious multitude.

Far from our hearts—far from the heart of an American, be the cruel, churlish notion of shutting the doors against our fellow creatures of any civilized country. Such policy would be weak, such sentiments inhuman. But though we open to them the doors of hospitality, are we bound either in humanity or policy to open to them the doors of legislation. Is it not enough that our laws afford them equal protection of life, limb, property, and reputation, and must we give them all at once suffrage too? Suffrage! which implies an interest pinned to the spot—natural, local attachment—ardent affection for neighbours a perfect knowledge of the persons and the dispositions, talents and qualifications of the persons who stand candidates for choice. And is all this to be given to a host of men who have torn themselves from all that affect the heart with the feelings of the patriot, the citizen, the neighbour or the relative—whose minds, perhaps, locked up for their whole lives, in the chill embraces of poverty,and nailed to the clod on which they were brought forth, never received a ray of light or spark of knowledge from letters, from a view of the world, or from experience; who not only cannot in so short a time know the political interests of the country to which they come, or the qualities of those for whom they vote, but who never knew, nor were capable of understanding the interests of the country in which they spent their lives, or even of a parish or village of it—nay, not their own private interests or those of their family; and who can form no judgment of any two given men, but by the extent of their relative statures, by the strength of their arms in fighting, or their heads in enduring drink, or perhaps by the fleetness of their horse, or the fineness of their coat.

Why do not those whining professsors of pity to *oppressed humanity*, ask themselves this question—What would it detract from the enjoyment of the escape of those men from oppression, to withhold from them a right to share in legislation? To use a low phrase, it is just as esssential to their happiness, as a fifth wheel to a coach. Indeed, it is on the contrary a burthen.—But is all this cant true? No? it is hypocrisy! base hypocrisy. It is only to make use of them as voters their pity is bestowed upon them. Wisdom and virtue, and knowledge, and patriotism, are the natural enemies of the faction: they know it, and therefore they mean to deposit as much of the will and suffrage of the country as they can in the hands of the vicious, the ignorant, the intemperate, the seditious, the mad, and the disaffected.

But in providing for the distressed who come to our shores for relief, why do not those worthy citizens make some distinction?—Innumerable are the emigrants who come under circumstances of unmerited distress. Fathers of large families who find society in Europe too crowded to give their weak arms room to work in. Men of profession—men of knowledge—men of character for probity and moral worth: men well qualified to add considerably to the aggregate mass of knowledge of the country they come to—of its social comforts—of its improvements, of its important councils, and of its light, innocent amusements. Men trained in science, in religion, morals, literature, and habitually endowed with every sentiment of propriety and feeling becoming the citizen, the gentleman and the man. Did the true policy of the state (very justly described as above by Mr. Jefferson in his notes) admit of a relaxation, it might have been worth while to extend it to such as these, if they would wish for it, which is doubtful.—But no! the understandings and habitual sentiments of such men would forbid them from giving their hands to such measures as those for which the relaxtion is intended. Even putting all party questions aside, no federalist would wish to exclude such men from suffrage.

We shall conclude with an extract from an admirable performance under the signature of *Lucius Crassus*, attributed to the ablest man in America. When we say that, we need hardly mention his name, it will be understood.

"The impolicy of admitting foreigners to an *immediate* and unreserved participation in the right of suffrage, or in the sovereignty of a republic, is as much a received axiom as any thing in the science of politics, and is verified by the experience of all ages. Among other instances, it is known that hardly any thing contributed more to the downfall of Rome, than her precipitate communication of the privilege of citizenship to the inhabitants of Italy at large.

"And how terribly was Syracuse scourged by perpetual seditions, when after the overthrow of the tyrants, a great number of foreigners were suddenly admitted to the rights of citizenship. Not only does ancient but modern, and even domestic story furnish evidence of what may be expected from the dispositions of foreigners when they get too early footing in a country." "Who wields the sceptre of France, and has erected a despotism on the ruins of her former government? *A Foreigner.* Who rules the councils of another ill-fated, unhappy country? *A Foreigner.* And who stimulates persecution on the heads of its citizens for daring to maintain an opinion, and for daring to exercise the rights of suffrage? *A Foreigner.* Where then is the virtuous pride which once distinguished Americans? Where the indignant spirit which, in defence of principle, hazarded a revolution to attain *that independence now insidiously attacked?*"

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE DESK OF BERI HESDIN.

Forc'd pity meets us with a cold respect,
Unkind as scorn, ungenerous as neglect.
SAVAGE.

The refined, but unfortunate, author of this sentiment had seen the pointed finger of scorn, and realized that friendship existeth not between humble genius and imperious pride; that friends, who flaunt with us in the sunshine of prosperity, will not follow us to the house of want, or sit and soothe us in the shade of adversity.

What a miserable wretch is man, when every faculty of his soul is subdued to the small circle of animal and selfish gratification; and how contemptible is he, when every passion, desire and appetite is trained and tutored,like a pack of blood-hounds, to follow the scent of lusty ambition, and obey the brazen-horn of ever varying fashion. Let crack-brained philosophers talk of obeying the noble impulses of sublimated nature, and regulating their conduct by the decisions of unbiassed reason; whip me such muck-worm scoundrels, who put the soul into a retort, and measure the pulsations of the heart with a pendulum. I like much better the trunk hose of Sancho Panza, and the stiff-kneed philosophy of Corporal Trim. Pretensions and professions have been too often substituted for reality, but as it is a polite kind of knavery, and much encouraged, and practised, by men in high life—and all this too, under the solemnity of "*upon my honour*"—the statute against perjury will not reach the offender, and of course, for this is the world's logic, no one is foresworn, though many are deluded and destroyed.

Look, sir——at Alberto? You remember he was a blooming, cheerful and witty disciple of Apollo—with how much pride K——, B——, &c. &c. used to delight in his company. He then stood in need of no one's assistance. How wan, and pale, and way-worn he looks? His cheek is wet with tears—but they fall not before men; they are the companions of silent meditation, and fall at the remembrance of friendship debased by fraud, and expectations excited only to delude. He can now, in the bitterness of his soul exclaim—

"....." I am sick of this bad world!
"The day light and the sun grow painful to me."

Yes, Alberto, the eye of sensibility can behold, in the lambent flame, that plays round thy pallid cheek, "proof strong as holy writ," that thy soul is more agonized by the mockery of miserable man, than by the pelting storm of poverty. In the mirror of each melting tear is seen the unmasked and haggard features of falsehood and flattery; once by thee supposed the lineaments of friendship; but the wretch who has deceived thee, will not trace the likeness. The man of high life will never estimate thy sensibility; but, intoxicated by pride and benumbed by sensuality, call every broken sigh the curse of weakness. The man of business will never make a draft on thy virtue, in exchange for his wares—and what does the parasite produce for his proffered friendship? base insinuations and cold contempt. His promises were made in the day of thy prosperity, when thy purse was full and thy hand liberal; when his cold heart was warmed by the beams of thy benevolence. Believe me, every cordial squeeze by the hand,every smirking smile, every luring lie, were as mechanical as the motions of a mace, and as pointed as the cue of a gamester—aimed at thy table, thy pocket, and thy purse. Now the wily wolf hath slain thy ewe lamb, and the swine of Epicurus eaten up thy barrel of meal—are not thine ears trilled with the varying notes of pity and condolence? Does not thine heart melt within thee, at the proof of benevolence rewarded, at the daily and delicate demonstrations of friendship, "pure as the breath of Heaven?" By all that's good! I have probed thy wounds and made them bleed afresh; 'twas basely done, and I will wash them with my tears.

Those who have basked on beds of myrtle, in the sunshine of wealth and wisdom; who have sported in the fairy regions of fancy, and scaled the heaven of thought; who have subdued sordid passion, and despised the low family of craft, yet, finally, have been outwitted by worldly wisdom, and made dependent on the cold charity of the craving, pitiful, and mean: such only can rightly estimate the situation and sentiments of Alberto. Where, O deluded and desponding

man—where is the cheerful countenance and generous feast, the cordial welcome and soothing salutations, which awaited the rattling of thy chariot wheels? gone off with thy coachman, or bartered away for some speculating scoundrel's sparkling wine. If thou art greeted, in some by-way, with a plain "how-d'ye-do? or art invited, when storms blacken the hemisphere and none but the needy are abroad, to go in and pick a bone, with a quondam friend; it is more than has fallen to the lot of many—it is more than the soul of sentiment can suffer.

There is no man, who feels the dignity of a virtuous and ennobled mind, but would rather pass by the pouting lips of scorn, than shake the cold hand of formal friendship. To him no occurrence is so mortifying, as to receive mere civility from those with whom he had been on terms of unreserved intimacy; between whom had been a continual interchange of kind offices, and which an alteration of pecuniary circumstances alone had destroyed. Though the finely attenuated frame, of the studious and sympathetic man, is but miserably calculated for the pitiless storms of adversity; yet, when poverty and all her haggard train advance, he can step forth and greet them like a philosopher—he can entertain them in his little hut like a Christian; but, when he stands in the cold, pinched by penury, and beholds one neighbour, wrapt in fur, passing heedlessly by, and a pretending friend, directly in his view, kindling a fire and killing a fatted calf, without even so much as recognizing him by a nod—then, by heavens! 'tis more than poor human nature can bear.

BERI HESDIN.

FROM THE BALANCE.

EULOGY ON GEESE.

Afflicted as I sometimes am, with that scorbutic disease, the itch for appearing in print, I have been puzzling my brain, two whole hours, to find a subject for your *Balance*; when, at last, one was fortunately suggested to me, by happening to fix my eyes attentively on my pen, which I was all this time holding in my hand. Among all the subjects, which have engaged the attention of the learned, I do not remember to have seen an eulogy on *geese*; be this, then my theme; and I doubt not, but it will appear, in the sequel of this discussion, that, excepting the cow and the sheep there is no living creature upon earth, below the rank of man, which is of so much use and importance as the goose. Where I disposed to pursue this momentous subject in its various details, I might quote the story of the Roman historian, which relates that imperial Rome itself was once saved from the fangs of an invading foe by the cackling of a goose; I might expatiate on the delicious flesh of this featherd animal, and especially on the unequalled delicacy of its *down*, that fills the pillow upon which the lovely Chloe lays her head. I might also bring into view the laudable obsequiousness of geese manifested in their implicitly following their *file-leader*; likewise their scientific skill, which has been evinced by their aerial voyages, sometimes of a thousand miles without the help of the magnetic needle, or a quadrant. But waving these topics, I shall confine myself to the *quill*, that this creature sheds for the use of man, and which more than any other instrument, promotes human intelligence.

Hail, Goose-quill! while I am holding thee in my hand, I will describe and proclaim thy worth. But for thee, in vain had Faustus invented the art of printing. But for thee, fair science would famish, or would be monopolized, as of old, by a few.

The world had been inhabited almost five thousand years, before the inestimable worth of the goose quill was discovered. The old Romans used a bodkin, made of metal or some other hard substance, for a pen; and they wrote on tables covered with wax. Hence, a famous code of their laws, which were engraven in this manner, was called "*the twelve tables.*" This kind of pen was also used by the ancient Arabians, and Hebrews. Job, who was probably an Arabian, and lived as early or earlier than the time of Moses, speaks of graving with "a pen of iron." Jeremiah said, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; it is graven upon the table of their heart." This had an undoubted reference to their manner of writing, like the Romans, on waxen tables, and with a pen made of iron or a sharpened piece of a diamond. It was also with reference to this, that Solomon commanded his pupil to write his precepts "upon the table of his heart." That ancient mode of writing, which must have been very inconvenient and slow was superseded by the use of coloured liquids, or ink; when the pen of iron gave place to the *calamus* a kind of reed that grew in Egypt, but the best sort, in the southern provinces of Persia. These reeds were spilt and sharpened to a point. Nor was it till sometime in the seventh century of the christian era, that some happy genius hit upon the discovery of making pens from the quills of geese. This I scruple not to declare, as it respects the republic of letters, was among the most important discoveries which have been made by man. Writing has since been rendered unspeakably more easy; and the world has been furnished with a plentiful and cheap supply of pens.

Goose-quills are among the real necessaries of life. They are used in almost every kind of business. They are the props and promoters of science. Without their aid the wheels of business would be obstructed; printing-presses would be struck with a deadly palsy; and the arts and sciences would sink speedily toward the state of savage barbarism. The horse is a fine creature, and much has been said and sung in praise of this noble animal: but were horses to be struck out of existence, it might perhaps be less calamitous to man than the extinction of the race of geese.

Hail, inestimable bird! What are the gay plumage of the peacock, and the delicious notes of the nightingale, in comparison with the value of thy quills!

The eagle, that pierces the clouds and wings his daring flight toward heaven, was, by the ancient Greeks and Romans, consecrated to Jupiter. The grave and moody-looking bird, the Owl, was supposed to be the favorite of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. In those days of superstition and idolatry, if the full worth of the goose had been known, it might perhaps have been generally worshiped, as was the Apis or ox, in Egypt.

A KNIGHT OF THE GOOSE QUILL.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS ON THE HERMIT OF DR. PARNELL.

PARNELL is one of the minor poets, and ranks high in that class; but when it is recollected, that many of those, called minor poets, are in fact no poets at all, this pre-eminence cannot imply much praise. His principal defect seems to be the frequent use of improper epithets, and of expressions inadequate to the sense which he means to convey, and his principal merit a smooth, easy flow of elegant versification. As a proof of these observations, let us examine the HERMIT, which is generally allowed to be his most finished production—

Far in a *wild, unknown to public view,*
From youth to age, a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

The first couplet can never be pleasing to a reader of taste. *Wild* is an uncouth expression for a desart or wilderness, and to say that a man *grew far in a wild from youth to age*, is not many degrees removed from nonsense. It is evident *grew* must here be understood lived or resided, but purity of language cannot possibly admit of this construction. The rest of the quotation, though prosaic, approaches much nearer to genuine poetry. There is a tautology in the fifth line—Having been told that his residence was *unknown to public view*, it was certainly a useless repetition to say that he lived *remote from man.*

So when a *smooth expanse* receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the *gentle sea* divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

This is a beautiful similie, and expressed with all that easy elegance so peculiar to Parnell. It must be observed, however, that "smooth expanse" could not peculiarly be applied to a lake, except by the assistance of the contrast. "Calm Nature's image" is a bold and happy expression. By the whole of the passage it appears that the similitude is taken from a standing water, or smooth flowing river; but the expression of *gentle sea* seems not perfectly to accord with this idea.

To clear his doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell, the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

Here again we have an example of Parnell's inaccuracy.* The Hermit undertakes a journey to see if the reports of books or swains, respecting the world, be right, because he yet knew the world only by the report of swains. How carefully ought an author to reperuse what he has committed to paper in the heat of composition. It was the custom of pilgrims to wear a scallop shell in the front of their caps or bonnets, and to use a staff in walking; we, therefore, perceive a beauty and propriety in this passage, which, however, cannot atone for the want of accuracy in the preceeding part of this quotation. The circumstances attending the young man's appearance, as described in the lines immediately following, are very interesting. Their mutual salutation is characteristic and natural—

Father, hail! he cried,
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire replied.

The eagerness of the Hermit to inquire into hidden truths, and the prudence of the youth in repressing his ardent curiosity, are circumstances well conceived, and must be kept in mind as particularly connected with the fable of the piece.

the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

* Since writing the above I find the same observation was made by Boswell, and corroborated by Johnson. See Boswell's life of Johnson.

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the *day's long toil they drown,*
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

In this passage there are many beauties mingled with many glaring defects. Let us endeavour to discriminate them. There is a fine description of Evening in the three first lines—we seem to see the twilight gently stealing over the plain, and hushing all nature to repose: but how are we disgusted as we proceed! Modern bards are accustomed to raise whatever they please to serve their particular purposes. They can, in an instant, erect a fairy palace, decorated in all the magnificence of eastern splendour, and this liberty, as genuine children of imagination and the Muse, might be allowed them, provided they would adhere to common sense in their descriptions. For instance, what is the meaning of the following passage?—

There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

I confess it is entirely beyond the reach of my comprehension. Solve the enigma, Apollo, son of the Muse, et eris mihi magnus. The next four lines seem to possess the negative merit of not being subject to much animadversion, and such we must expect to find in every long poem. Never was the change of tense, from the past to the present, more beautifully exemplified, than in the description which immediately follows the ostentatious display of hospitality with which they are received,

The pair arrive, the liv'ry'd servants wait, &c.

we are conveyed to the very spot, we see all confusion and bustle, the table groans under the profusion of luxuriant dishes, and the feast is "more than hospitably good." The animation and spirit which runs through this passage may be equalled, but cannot be excelled. Oh, what a falling off in the next couplet,

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, in silk, and heaps of down.

Authors do not always make a sufficient distinction between the simple and metaphorical signification of words, yet nothing can occasion greater disgust to a critical and intelligent reader than the mixture of these two modes of expression in the same sentence. The use of strained and incongruous metaphors is likewise improper and disagreeable. Both these faults are apparently contained in the last quoted couplet. We are said, metaphorically, to *drown care in wine*, but who ever heard of *drowning toil in sleep?* Again *sunk in sleep* is a metaphorical expression, *sunk in silk and heaps of down*, a simple one, and their combination, in the same sentence, produces a disagreeable effect.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the *breezes creep,*
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.

This description of Morning, though beautiful, is not to be compared with that of Evening, noticed above. I imagine the author wrote *breezes sweep; breezes* cannot, with any degree of propriety be said to *creep.* We have here one absurdity which cannot escape the notice of the impartial critic—"the breezes shake the neighb'ring wood," why? "To banish sleep." Thus, you see, they perform the office of a bellman. *The guests*, like good humoured gentlemen, *rise obedient to the call.* It is to be supposed that if they had shaken the neighbouring wood at midnight, they would have obeyed the summons.—But to proceed.

Uprise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
Now on they pass, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner shew'd.

Sameness is always disgusting. The word *guest* occurs three times in the above short quotation. It suggests, however, no critical remarks of any great importance, but as the first action of the younger traveller is here related, it may not be improper to notice the moral of the piece, and the example made use of to illustrate it. The author meaning to establish as a maxim that the great governor of the universe uses second means to work his ends, or directs the vices and follies of his creatures, to the completion of his own gracious purposes. This cannot be doubted; but it is not quite so clear that the descent of an angelic being to the earth, for the express purpose of committing crimes at which humanity shudders, of becoming a robber and a murderer, in order that good might come of it, can be any illustration of this doctrine. But as the whole of his actions are exhibited in one view, at the end of the poem, I shall defer, till then, any further observations which may occur respecting them.

The similie of the serpent, which is introduced upon the youth's producing the stolen cup, is natural and apposite. The next place of their entertainment is the Miser's, whose character is as judiciously and strongly marked as that of the man of ostentatious hospitality. They are forced to take refuge here by a shower. The signs of its approach are naturally introduced,

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Parnell, in many instances, seems to have been an accurate observer of nature. Indeed the whole of this passage is in his best manner, The unimproved state of the country round the miser's habitation; their long knocking before they are admitted; the increase of the tempest, which at length raised some pity in his breast; his threshold then first receiving a guest; his jealous care in opening the slowly creaking door; his half welcome; the frugal faggot; their meagre entertainment, and even that hardly granted; and their quick dismissal on the first appearance of the tempest's abating, are all happy and characteristic circumstances, which add greatly to the fidelity of the picture. Yet in this, as in most of Parnell's descriptions, there are deficiencies—For example,

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around.

The turrets were strong and large, and the ground unimproved; this was evidently the author's meaning; but, by the present construction, we are given to understand, that the castle was strong and large, and unimproved around. Again,

Bread of the coarsest sort, with *dead small beer,*
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both for cheer.

Dead small beer, and *serv'd them both for cheer*, are low inelegant expressions. One Editor, observing this, has not much mended the matter by substituting

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine.

The silent remarks of the Hermit on the very singular conduct of his companion, in stealing the cup from the generous man, and bestowing it upon the miser, are such as would naturally arise from an incident of this kind, and seem to be expressed without much inaccuracy. We have here a beautiful example of alliteration. Modern critics have, indeed, affected to despise it as a meretricious ornament. It has been observed, however, and with truth, that it pleases and almost satisfies the ear. It was used by MILTON, and where is the bard who would not be proud to imitate so great a master? The example here alluded to, is contained in the following couplet,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul.

Both these lines are strong and forcible, and carry along with them evident marks of the poetic spirit of the writer.

That the sound should be an echo to the sense is a position which the fastidiousness of modern criticism is also very ready, in many instances, to dispute. But here again we must appeal to the feelings, those best and truest judges in the court of Parnassus; their decision will, undoubtedly, be in its favour. The next furnishes a decisive proof of this remark,

Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly.

As far as words can convey an idea of the quick motion of the clouds, in a brisk gale of wind, it is here conveyed. I must now again revert to the disagreeable task of pointing out errors.

The sun emerging opes another sky—

The sun opened a brighter sky, but not another; this might easily have been avoided, and is therefore the more inexcusable.

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Shows is a poor low substitute for appearances, and was evidently introduced only for the sake of the rhyme.

Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

When a man is benevolent in hopes of being praised for his benevolence, he is kind only so far as he sees a probability of what he judges an adequate return, but, on the contrary, virtue is the internal motive, not the external recompense of goodness. Their combination, therefore, in the present instance, forms an incongruity of expression which it is the duty of every writer, as he values the character of accuracy, to avoid. The next twelve lines are particularly prosaic; many of them not much above the genius of Sternhold and Hopkins—Take the following specimens,

Hither the *walkers* turn'd their weary feet—

Why not *travellers?* If it was pronounced in two syllables it would answer the purpose full as well, and is a much more respectable word.

Their greeting fair, bestow'd in modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all I yield a part.

does not the last line remind us of Pope—

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

what follows is, if possible, still worse,

He spoke, and bade the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed.

The next quotation will, however, in some degree, atone for this negligence.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find, the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

This is a very spirited passage, perhaps it is not equalled by any other part of the poem. Yet the inaccuracy of Parnell, like an evil Genius, seems to haunt him wherever he goes, and attends him even here:

His robe turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial colours breathe through purpled air—

It is here intended to exhibit the graceful appearance of a celestial being, habited in a flowing robe of white; but how is it consistent with this graceful appearance to say that the robe flowed about his feet? Consult the best painters and see if they ever dared to introduce such an appearance. I am convinced that if it had not been for the sake of rhyme, we should never have seen the word *feet* in this passage. Again, what are the radiant points which invest his hair, or what the purpled air, in which celestial odours are said to breathe? To me they are both equally and utterly inexplicable.

We come now to the Angel's speech—

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright regions find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel——thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine:
The Maker justly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work its ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high.
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcome's, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

Here I shall endeavour to point out the beauties and defects of composition, and also make some observations on the actions of the younger traveller.

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel——thy fellow-servant I.

This is genuine poetry. Every one must perceive how much more forcibly the Hermit's kneeling to his companion is here introduced, than it would have been by simply relating the circumstance. But, alas! poor Parnell again falls into a dry, prosaic, obscure manner of expressing himself in the lines immediately following, so obscure, indeed, that he finds it necessary to add an explanatory note to one passage. This should never be allowed, except in case of an allusion to history or science. The text should always be of itself perfectly intelligible. The angel now proceeds to recount the reasons of his actions. He accuses the great vain man of luxury, and, in proof of this accusation, says that

He made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine.

But surely the circumstance of giving wine to a departing guest is not sufficient to substantiate the charge of luxury. Stealing the cup was, indeed, a likely method to cure him of the habit, but then we must recollect that it was the deed of an angel. It is to no purpose to say, that he then acted in a different character. The Hermit now acknowledges him as a superior being, and looks back upon the whole of his conduct as influenced by the express command of the Almighty.

To give the cup to the miser was by no means so well adapted to soften the rugged severity of his character. And here absurdity stares us full in the face—the angelic being who had before, by the licentiousness of the poet, been transformed into a knave, now undergoes a second metamorphosis, and becomes a downright fool. The next instance comes nearest of any to what is generally believed concerning the ministry of angels, yet, in order to accord with the maxim proposed to be illustrated, the crime (for it must be called a crime) should have been perpetrated by a wicked man. As it stands at present the whole weight of the argument is destroyed. The same observation may be made with respect to the murder of the servant.*

Upon the whole it does not appear that any one weighty argument has been adduced in support of the position meant to be proved, and consequently that the poem is defective in the most material part. That though it contains many splendid passages, yet it abounds with faults and inaccuracies, of various kinds, and in fine that it is by no means entitled to that celebrity, of which it has been so long in possession.

HARLEY.

* This servant is said to have contrived a secret plot against his master, and that if his conspiracy had prevailed great funds of charity would have failed. But with whom did he conspire, and who was concerned with him in the plot? I believe it is the first time that any man was accused of conspiracy without an accomplice.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Review of a pamphlet, entitled, The Missisippi question fairly stated, and the views and arguments of those who clamour for war examined. In seven letters, originally written for publication in the Aurora, at Philadelphia. By Camillus. Philadelphia, printed by William Duane, 1803. p. p. 43.

In order to mislead the public judgment, and to divert the attention of the people of the United States from the true cause of their grievances against Spain, Camillus has amused his readers with an elaborate inquiry relative to the privilege of deposit. In his fifth letter he asks the question, "What is this privilege of deposit?" "Is it one of those rights formerly inherent TO our territorial possessions? No. Was it, at any time, an object of demand, or even the most distant claim of our Western fellow-citizens, or did it ever enter into the mind of those, who, in former negociations, had the most sanguine expectations of success? No. The free navigation of the Missisippi was the sole object of our pursuit. Where then did this right of deposit arise? From the friendship and good disposition towards us of the Spanish government, which, not satisfied with rendering all that was due to us from justice and the rights of nature, gave us more than we had a right to demand or to expect, the privilege of deposit.

"This *right* then was a *favour* granted to us without any retribution on our part, but that retribution of good neighbourhood, which we have been lately called upon to violate. *Yet this act of spontaneous, unpurchased and unrequited favour is attempted to be converted into a pretext for war against the donor*, because an individual officer of the Spanish government, obeying the strict letter of his duty, and without any instructions how to guide him in a case, novel in all respects, under the colonial laws of Spain, suspends the privilege not originally solicited, but granted to us, we are called upon, in the face of nations, to exhibit a flagrant act of ingratitude and glaring injustice."

Were it not for a studied affectation of *ignorance*, which runs through many pages of Camillus's pamphlet, for the purpose of disguising the official character of the writer, it would be difficult to conceive the utility of interrogations, when nothing doubtful exists, as to the subject of inquiry, and when the querist, himself, anticipates the only answer, which can be given. Without taking time to question the propriety of such combinations of words, as "rights formerly *inherent to* our territorial possessions;—this *right* then was a *favour* granted to us," &c. let me endeavour to account, in my way, for the acquisition of this right of deposit to the people of the Western country. The treaty concluded between the United States and Spain, in 1795, is intitled, a "treaty of amity, limits, and navigation," hence it is fair to infer, that the negociation turned upon these three objects. That friendship and good understanding should subsist between the two powers, whose territories border on each other, was mutually desirable; that the territorial limits and boundaries of each should be ascertained and accurately defined, was essential to the proper exercise of jurisdiction; and as Spain was the proprietor of both sides the mouth of the Missisippi, and all the ports and harbours within three thousand miles of the sea, it became important to stipulate in behalf of the people dwelling on the western waters, a safe and convenient place of deposit for their produce on the Spanish territory, whence it might, with facility, be shipped to foreign markets. The treaty of amity embraced all these objects, and Camillus may be told, that it was precisely because the United States did not enjoy this right of deposit that a negociation was set on foot to secure it. It is not understood, that the Spanish government made much difficulty, or hesitated long to grant this privilege, and, it is presumed, that the consideration paid for it by the United States, was some reciprocal advantage, conceded to Spain; or, that the temporary necessities of the Spanish colonies required the provision for their own support. It is worthy of remark, that the negociation between the United States and Spain, which produced the treaty of 1795, was commenced by Mr. Short, who was our Minister Resident at Madrid, as early as 1794, and nearly all the important articles had been agreed upon previous to the arrival of Mr. PINCKNEY, by whom the treaty was signed.

Spain was not *then* under the influence or controul of the French republic, and consequently was well disposed to harmonize with this country, and had she continued, till the end of the war, on the same side she began it, there would probably have been no interruption to that harmony, or any change in her disposition. But no sooner had Spain *shifted sides*, and, instead of a sluggish enemy, been transformed, by the magic power of French arms, and French *diplomatic skill* into an efficient and enterprizing coadjutor against England, than the United States began to discover, in the lazy and reluctant performance of the stipulations in their treaty, that though she *promised* with the generosity of a Castilian, no Jew could be more slow in the *practice* of that virtue. The execution of the treaty, as Mr. Ross expressed himself in Senate, was, by the Spaniards, "delayed and evaded, in a very unjustifiable manner." They refused to settle boundaries or evacuate posts, until a military movement, on the part of the United States, convinced them that the "ultima ratio" was ready to second pacific negociation. After all this we are impudently told by Camillus, that the right of deposit at New-Orleans is a "spontaneous, unpurchased, and unrequited favour," or, (as an American would better express it), a *gratuity*. Yet he does not pretend to justify the conduct of the Spanish Intendant for the suspension of this privilege, without instructions from his Court; on the contrary, he gives it the appellation of an "*imprudent* and *unjust* measure" which "justified, in the first instance, both alarm and resentment." That the measure was unauthorised by the Spanish government has, we are solemnly assured, "been ascertained upon *certain and indubitable authority*."

"*The Spanish ambassador, in Washington City, pledged himself, to our government, for the accuracy of this state of facts.*" And so likewise has *Camillus*. Yielding to this weight of authority then, and casting the whole burden of responsibility for this "irregular proceeding," upon the shoulders of the Intendant, let us inquire what course the government of the United States should pursue, in order to obtain redress and indemnity for the injury which has already resulted from that unauthorised act. "The fair and usual course of proceeding, in cases of this kind, (says Camillus) is by representation and remonstrance." Agreed. It is not worth while to fight with Spain on account of the *occlusion* of the port of New-Orleans—this grievance might be a fair subject for negociation; but is this all that Spain has done to provoke the people of the United States? No. She has bartered away the whole of the large, flourishing and highly promising province of Louisiana, bordering on the territory of the United States, commanding the outlet of the ocean from the river Missisippi, and subjecting an interior country, of three thousand miles extent, to absolute dependence upon the will and caprice of the possessor, *without the knowledge or consent of the American government*. This is cause of war—this act of hostility cannot be palliated, softened, nor explained by "representation and remonstrance;" it is war itself, and can only be repelled by force of arms. On this point I take issue with Camillus. He affirms, that Spain had an indisputable right to cede, exchange, or dispose, in any manner she thought fit, of her own possessions on the continent of America, without first acquainting the government of the United States of her design, and without asking their consent, provided, "an important privilege," obtained for them, "by special grace, gift, or favour, within the jurisdiction of the Spanish government, be not impaired or disregarded by the power," to whom the transfer is made. This I deny, and I am supported in this denial by the authority of the law of nations, by the customs and usages of civilized countries, and by the uniform testimony of every *Federal* member, who touched the question, on the floor of Congress; and with GOUVERNEUR MORRIS I concur in the belief, that this transfer, under "existing circumstances," was an act of hostility on the part of Spain; that "we are now actually at war, and have no choice, but manly resistance or vile submission." The government of the U. States has adopted the *submissive* policy, and the Spanish government will extricate itself from all claims of indemnity by referring the American Envoy to the new occupants, whom she has given us for neighbours, without our consent.

PUBLIUS.

(*To be Continued.*)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In England, editions of SHAKSPEARE multiply, like the generation of the Polypus. New impressions, with new notes, or commodious or ingenious modifications of the old, appear almost every month. All the labour of learning, and all the luxury of art is devoted to perpetuate the writings of this sublime author. The pen, the press, and the pencil unite to give new light and lustre to his page. All this is very glorious to the nation and to literature. Amid such bright examples of taste, learning and patronage, combined to encourage and diffuse his deathless drama, we hope that America will not be unmindful of Shakspeare, from an *American press*. We hope that MR. MAXWELL will be encouraged to proceed with the beautiful edition he has for some time projected; and that the taste and enterprize of the printer, and the industry of the collator, may receive adequate recompence from the public.

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We understand that the works of that learned and elegant scholar, DR. W. SMITH, are in a state of considerable forwardness, and will soon liberally contribute to the instruction and pleasure of the contemplative and the studious.

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The American edition of PINKERTON'S Geography, will be well edited and well printed. We have been favoured with an inspection of one of the maps. It is accurate, elegant and creditable to the engraver. We feel much solicitude for the success of this valuable work, so greatly superior to the vulgar systems of this science. MR. PINKERTON is no ordinary scholar, or mere compiler. He is a learned and original writer. He describes his own country with affection and elegance. He describes *this* country, with fidelity. His tone, perhaps, may be harsh, but his words are true. When he derides, or deplores the imbecility of our government, the distraction of our councils, our supine indifference to the fine arts, and our greediness of gain; with the frowns of indignation, the blush of shame will appear, and candid *native* Americans must, with a sigh, confess that there is *some* room for such ridicule and reproach.

—

CHATTERTON.

The name of this unfortunate young man will always be interesting to the friends of genius, whether he is to be considered as the author or discoverer of the poems which pass under the name of Rowley. A new and beautiful edition of those poems, and all of which Chatterton acknowledged himself to be the author, has recently been published. They were collected for the advantage of his surviving relations; but the subscription did not cover the expense attending so elegant a publication, and Messrs. Longman and Rees, much to their credit, have taken it upon themselves, allowing a sufficient number of copies to the family, for the subscribers. Mr. Southey and another gentleman have superintended the work, and Dr. Gregory has permitted his "Life of Chatterton" to form a part of it. It is a complete collection of all avowed, and all the supposed effusions of Chatterton's ill-fated muse, and is indeed a valuable addition to British literature. The following imitation of Horace is selected from this interesting work, and is the more curious, as the author was certainly not acquainted with the language of the original.

HORACE—BOOK I. ODE 5.

What gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the bower,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in Love's enchanting hour?

By zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep,
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep,
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Tho' soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,
As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon the ecstatic vision flies,
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth, O shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much Affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks behind that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank Heav'n! I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extract of a letter from London to a gentleman in this city.

"I made a visit to Paris during the summer, and witnessed how completely this man of Corsica had chained Voltaire's 'tygers'—still he lets the "monkies" play, for every species of amusement, dissipation and gambling is licenced to gratify the Parisians and divert them from politics. Some of the gaming houses pay no less than 20 Louis d'Or a day to the government for their licence. The men are, in general, negligent of their persons, dirty and slovenly—the women half naked, with the little dress they do use, very splendid. Moreau is much more a favourite of the people than Buonaparte, but he loves his country, laments that it is oppressed, and suffers not his ambition to drench it in blood. He is regarded as the Washington of France, and were he ambitious, might dethrone the reigning despot at a word, for it is said five sixths of the army would join Moreau, were he to declare against the First Consul, who is regarded as an ambitious "scelerat."

—

From the bellowers for liberty, we hear much noise and nonsense, relative to the excesses of regal power; and the old government of France is constantly resorted to by every wild fellow in the streets and beer houses for examples of insolent and hateful despotism. But this was always more an imaginary than real despotism—the malignancy of its principle was counteracted by the beneficence of its operation—Its power, if arbitrary, was seldom exerted, and was always mitigated by a variety of causes. The revolutions which have succeeded the age of Louis XIV. are deeply branded with a character, more despotic than any occurrence in the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius, or Nero. In fact, in every republic, at a certain accursed stage in its miserable progress, men are more oppressed by their *free* and *equal* yoke; they are more wronged by their rights of man; they are in more slavery, with declarations of independence in their mouths, than the miserable porter, who groans through the streets of Constantinople, or the grovelling courtier, who licks the footstool of an Asiatic prince.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO VIRTUE.

Whose is that form, that stealing thro' the grove,
Heeds not the darkness of the midnight hour?
'Tis Mary, hastening to behold her love,
Who waits the maiden in yon leafy bower.

Ah! Mary turn, nor seek the lonely shade,
For soon a faithless lover shalt thou mourn;
Down to the bower you go a spotless maid,
But, ah! with virtue never to return.

Lo now the moon escapes the shadowy cloud,
And pours around the bower her bright'ning beam;
All Nature sleeps—save but the torrent loud
That foams along the agitated stream.

Her dark hair waving to the breeze of night,
Her features lighten'd by the moon's pale ray;
In youth's gay bloom—she meets the enraptur'd sight,
Fair as the nymph that ushers in the day.

With trembling feet she seeks the fragrant bower,
Where William woo'd and won her guileless heart;
Where first she own'd Love's fascinating power,
To vice a stranger and unknown to art.

Protecting Virtue! shield the blooming maid,
Nor let the base seducer's power prevail;
Alas how needful is celestial aid,
When oaths and vows the female heart assail.

See, at her feet, the flattering swain reclin'd,
To his embrace she yields her glowing charms,
By faithless Love to infamy consign'd,
She courts perdition in a lover's arms.

Celestial Virtue is thy power so frail,
So frail thy influence o'er the female breast?
Shall Love thus easy o'er thy laws prevail;
Nor thou the bold usurper's claim contest?

Shall Vice triumphant her dark banner rear
And Honour fall a victim to her sway?
Shall blushing Modesty but drop her tear,
Then treacherous wing her hasty flight away?

Are Truth and Virtue only to be found,
The *fickle* tenant of the female heart,
Fled in the giddy whirl of Fashion's round,
By Passion exil'd or expel'd by Art?

Ah! where then shall we seek the Heaven-born train,
If lovely women bow at Pleasure's shrine?
Man only pays his vows at Plutus' fane,
Nor courts the influence of thy power divine.

If, for the errors of the human race,
Thou seek'st thy native mansions of the sky,
Extend thy mantle of celestial grace,
And aid thy vot'ry like thyself to fly.

LORENZO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

'Twas in the sultry noon-tide hour,
To shun the fervors of the plain,
When Delia sought her favorite bower,
And, sweetly pensive, sung this strain.

"Haste, Colin, haste to Delia's arms,
"Nor longer from thy mistress rove;
"Nature, without thee, has no charms;
"O haste to bless thy Delia's love!"

Enraptur'd by the charmer's theme,
To press her to my breast I flew;
But, *waking*, found 'twas all adream,
And heard nought but the cat cry "*mew!*"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HOME REMEMBERED.

Poor, feeble *wanderer*, destin'd still to roam
In search of *health* beneath serener skies,
Still on the pensive thought my distant home,
And all its dear domestic scenes arise.

Through months of sickness and of languor there,
With every kind attention I was blest,
My lovely partner sooth'd each rising care,
Watch'd at my bed, and lull'd my woes to rest.

Now far remov'd from all such gentle aid,
Surrounded by the thoughtless and the gay,
To ask for help unwilling, or afraid,
I pass the sleepless night and dreary day.

O may the warming Sun and vernal gales
Health to this enervated frame restore!
Then will I seek again my native vales,
And visit my beloved home once more.

E'en now I seem to hear my Mary's voice
Welcome my safe return in accents bland;
And see my beauteous girl and sprightly boys
Press round to share my kiss and clasp my hand.

The vision fades! mere fancy and deceit,
To reach that home may ne'er to me be given—
Yet I again my family shall meet,
No more to part, *at our best home in Heaven.*

T. M. H.

SELECTED POETRY.

From Doctor Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne.

[The following elegy was originally written, to rally a particular friend on his attachment to German tobacco, and German literature. It is well known to the learned, that the tobacco chiefly smoked by philosophers in Germany, is denominated Knaster, but it may be necessary to apprise the reader, that when this poem was composed, the fragrant weed was sold in covers, marked as low priced tea, for the purpose of evading the excise laws. The subject did not appear considerable enough to excite the sympathy of the public, till I found that professor Kotzebue had founded the distress of a serious comedy on a similar incident. In his "Indians in England,*" he represents an amiable baronet, overwhelmed with affliction, from the want of a pot of porter, and a pipe of tobacco. Convinced of my error, by the approbation with which his work has been received, I have ventured to draw my elegy from the heap of my papers, and to produce it, with some slight alterations, and with the suppression of all personal allusions.]

KNASTER.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN 1791.

Deep in a den, conceal'd from Phœbus' beams,
Where neighb'ring Irwell leads his sable streams,
Where misty dye-rooms fragrant scents bestow,
And fires more fierce than love forever glow,
Damætas sate, his drooping head, opprest
By heavy care, hung sullen on his breast:
His idle pipe was thrown neglected by,
His books were tumbled, and his curls awry.
Beneath, the furnace sigh'd in thicker smoke,
Each loom return'd his groans with double stroke;
In mournful heaps around his fossils lay,
And each sad chrystal shot a watry ray.
"Ah! what," he cried, "avails an honour'd place,
Or what the praise of learning's hectic race!
In vain, to boast my well instructed eyes,
I dip in buckets, or in baskets rise;
Now plung'd, like Hob, to sprawl in dirty wells,
Now bent, with demon-forms, in murky cells,
Or where columnar salt enchants the soul,
Or starry roofs enrich the northern hole,
Not me th' adjacent furnace can delight,
That cheers with chemic gleam, the languid night.
In vain my chrystals boasts their angles true,
In vain my port presents the genuine hue;
Nor spars nor wine my spirits can restore,
My Knaster's out, and pleasure is no more.
To German books for refuge shall I fly?
Without my Knaster these no bliss supply.
Here in light tomes grave Meiners, prone to pore,
Like thin bank-notes, confines a weighty store;
Here Bürgher's muse, with ghostly terrors pale,
Runs, "hurry skurry,*" thro' her nursery-tale;
Here Huon loves, while wizard-thunders roll,
Here Gorgon Schiller petrifies the soul;
Crell's sooty chemists here their lights impart;
Here Pallas, skill'd in every barbarous art.
In vain to me each shining page is spread,
Without tobacco ne'er compos'd—nor read.
Who Knaster loves not,† be he doom'd to feed
With Caffres foul, or suck Virginia's weed.
At morn I love segars,† at noon admire
The British compound, pearly from the fire;
But Knaster, always Knaster, is my song,
In studious gloom, or 'mid th' assembly's throng.
Let pompous Bruce describe in boastful style,
The wond'rous springs of fertilizing Nile.
Fool! for so many restless years to roam,
To drink such waters as we find at home;
And know, to *end* his long romantic dreams,
That Nile arises—much like other streams.
For other streams, let me discover here,
Of yellow-grog, or briskly-sparkling beer!
But more my glory, more my pride, to see,
My Knaster cas'd, with pious fraud, like tea;
Glad soars the Muse, and crowing claps her wings
At my discovery, hid, like his from kings.
Some chase the fair, some dirty grubs employ,
And some the ball, and some the race enjoy.
Cooper the courting sciences denies,
And from their envied love to bleaching flies.
Let serious fiddling nobler minds engage,
Or dark black letter charm the studious sage,
I'd envy none their rattles, could I sit
To feast on knaster, and Teutonic wit.
Lo, while I speak the furnace red decays,
And coy by fits the modest moon-beam plays,
Which thro' yon threat'ning clouds, that bode a shower,
Just tips with tender light the old-church tower.
Now wheels the doubtful bat in blund'ring rings,
Now "half past ten" the doleful watchman sings.
To-morrow Bower supplies my favourite store:
My Knaster's out—and I can watch no more.

EPIGRAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Beneath a vine the other day,
Cytherea's son half tipsy lay,
Said he, and Venus' hand he prest,
With health be fair Maria blest!
The goddess look'd with anger down;
Nay, mother, chace away that frown;
I took you once for her 'tis true,
But her a thousand times for you.

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* See "the German Miscellany" by Mr. Thompson.

* Hurry skurry: one of the phrases, by which some translators of Burgher's Leonore have attempted to convey an adequate impression of the energy and elegance of their original.

† Qui Bavium non odit, &c.

‡ In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

POPE.

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